The happy Pair,

A new Song, ſung by Mr. *ABELL*.

IANTHE the Lovely, the Joy of her Swain,
By *Iphis* was lov'd, and lov'd *Iphis* again:
She liv'd in the Youth, and the Youth in the Fair:
Their Pleaſures were Equal, and Equal their Care:
No Time nor Enjoyment their Dottage withdrew:
Bur the longer they liv'd,
But the longer they liv'd,
Still the Kinder they grew.

A Paſſion ſo Happy, allarm'd all the Plain;
Some Envy'd the Nymph, but more Envy'd the Swain;
Some ſwore 't would be pity their Love's to invade;
That the Lovers each one, for each other were Made:
But All all conſented, That none e'er yet knew,
A Nymph half ſo Fair,
A Nymph half ſo Fair,
Nor a Shepherd ſo True.

For in their Beginning of Love we did find
They ſtrove, in their Love, who ſhould ſtill prove more kind;
The Swain and the Nymph, by the Dawn of the Day,
In Innocent Love, paſt the Minutes away,
In each others Arms. Give the Lovers their due,
They always were Conſtant,
They always were Conſtant,
And always were True.

And ſeveral Years their True Love has gone on,
And they are as good as when firſt they began:
No End's of our Loving! (the Nymph ſhe did cry)
No! No! (ſays the Shepherd) I'll Love 'till I Die,
So Conſtant this Pair was, ſo Faithfull and True,
That the longer they liv'd,
That the longer they liv'd,
Still the Fonder they grew

Love ſaw them, with Pleaſure, and vow'd to take Care
Of the Conſtant, the Faithful, the Innocent Pair;
What Either do want, I'll bid Either to move,
But they wanted nothing, but Ever to Love,
It was all that to Bleſs them, God Cupid could do,
That they ſtill might be Kind,
That they ſtill might be Kind,
And they ſtill maght be True.

FINIS.